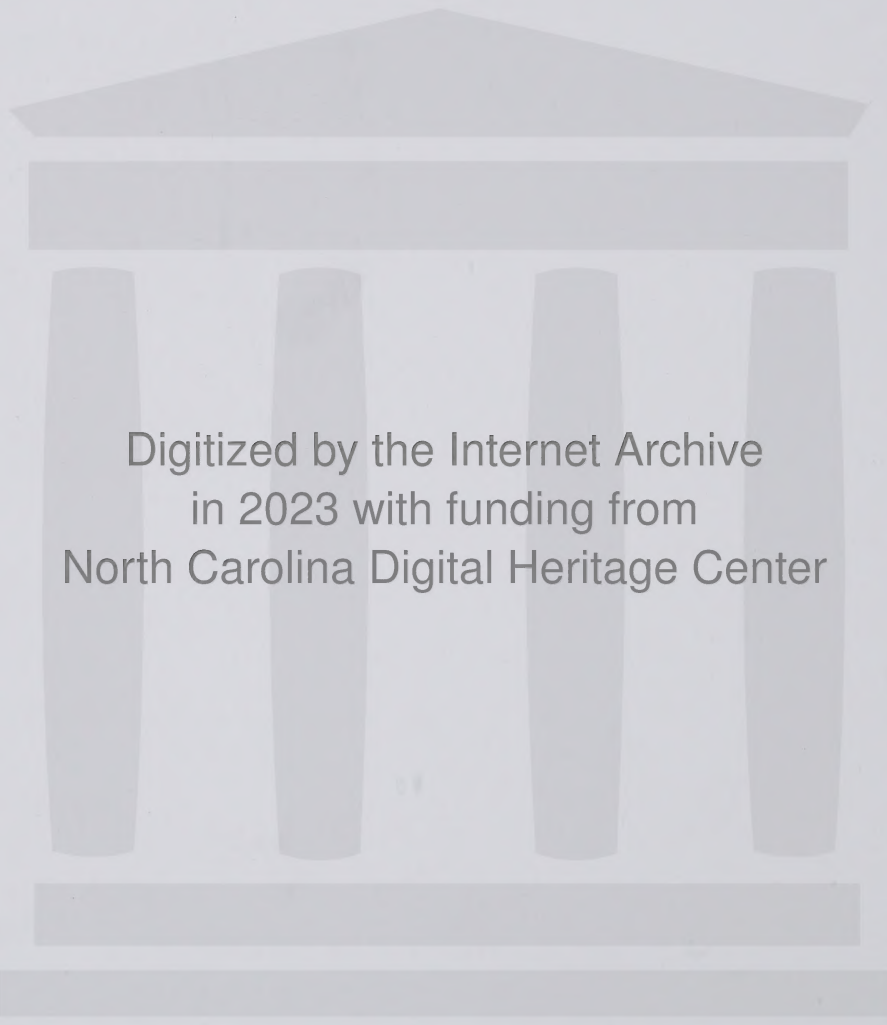


Art & Literature  
**Review**  
1998  
1999



**SOUTHWESTERN**  
COMMUNITY COLLEGE

Volume I



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Art & Literature

# Review

1998

1999



**SOUTHWESTERN**  
COMMUNITY COLLEGE

Volume I

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Logo on cover courtesy of Michael M. Rogers, 1979 SCC Graduate

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Mission Statement:

This literary magazine became reality because several students and members of the faculty and staff at Southwestern Community College wanted the citizens of Jackson, Macon and Swain Counties as well as the Qualla Boundary to have an outlet for their individual artistic expressions.

Thank Yous:

Tony Childress  
Steve Conlin  
Mike Crisp  
Susan Deetz  
Tyler Goode  
Cecil Groves  
Bob Harrison  
Torrie Jones  
Tim Martin  
Pat McKay  
Judy Monteith  
Gene Norton  
Chris Pruitt  
Bob Satterwhite  
Roger Stephens

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Southwestern Community College for funding this issue of the Review.*

Layout and Design: Pat McKay, 1979 SCC Graduate

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Dedicated to  
Jean Ellen Forrister  
and  
Joe Barwick





# Alaskan Bachelors-at an Anonymous Soup Kitchen for Homeless Men

By Jennifer Munroe Cook

First Prize in Poetry

Ladies, have I got a treat for you!

Delights for the body and mind!

Those great Alaskan men

so eligible and quite sublime.

Well, they're right inside this building

lined up and patiently waiting

with strong arms and strong breath

and bodies ready for mating!

Our first bachelor of the night is Glenn.

See his lovely smile?

How he dimples all around?

More to love; more worthwhile.

Don't mind if he laughs over nothing

or mutters to the air.

He can clean dishes and scrub toilets

Leaning, with his backside bare.

Here comes one-armed Larry!

Now ladies he's a treat.

With his fashionable long hair  
so gray and seductively sleek.

Don't mind his yellowed teeth  
or the boogers in his nose.  
His personality is full of wit.  
Animals follow, wherever he goes!

The true stud of the night is Chuck  
his strong body burning.  
His breath can light passionate fires  
and his face will send you churning.  
A night with him will change your life.  
You'll have a companion of pleasure.  
No more fretting over trivial things  
instead wallow in a drunken leisure.  
Now ladies, where are you going?  
Didn't Oprah promise you this?  
You haven't met John, or Blind Robert;  
then there's A-jay and Too Tall Chris!  
Oh, you mustn't leave now.  
There are more men in the rooms above...  
O.K. guys we'll do the choosing.  
Grab them boys! If you want some love!

# I Saw The Raincloud Climb Up The Mountain

By Adam Bigelow

First Prize in Prose

I saw the raincloud climb upon the mountaintop like a celestial champion of king-of-the-hill. Having cast all contenders to the side, her crowning moment of playground glory is received with a hail of sheeting rain, raging winds and lightning sending thunder, like a bowling ball being rolled down a skateboard park, into the valley. Each reverberating boom blending with the next, the storm begins her kindly onslaught of rejuvenating showers followed by life-bringing sunshine. The seeds and souls and salvation of all living, are carried on the rays of soil, and in the droplets of refreshment slipping from the sky. Trees seem to sigh in relief as their leaves spread, ready to receive the warm embraces of the impending storm. Her winds arrive first, carrying moisture on piggyback, and whipping the grasses into a torrid frenzy. Dust that settled after drying from the last storm is blown about, cycloning into the eyes, and stinging the skin like an attack of angry bees. This vortex of wind and dirt mixes with the beginning downpour to form the mud and silt that will be left in the storm's wake. All thoughts of after the storm are washed away by the full fury of lacerating rain and uprooting wind. She seems comfortable in the valley, as if the journey up and over the mountain had

tired her, and here was a welcome resting place, so she lingered. The ground became saturated with her release and the rainwater sloped into the swelling creeks. Worry and consternation seeped into the minds of those living along the riverbanks, who can smell flood in the first hint of the springtime breeze. The river's pace rapidly becomes destructive, spilling across the banks and carrying off branches and limbs strewn about by the maddening winds and claps of lightning. The storm's raging fury reaches a heightened crescendo, as trees dance the hula, and lawn furniture thrashes about demonstrating their natural tendency towards the slamdance. Thunderclaps segue into lightning, into thunder again, jamming the songs of torrent and gale into one long, free-form exploration of maelstrom musical theory. And then...almost as fast as she came upon, mother thunderstorm moves on leaving the saturated valley to the sunshine. She moves on leaving as her promise a fully arcing rainbow. Squirrels and birds and creatures of all sizes leave their respective shelters to reclaim the now peaceful land. New treasures are unearthed during a storm, dredging up worms for the birds and memories emotional, for the soul. We have, once again been cleansed by nature's process and await our next baptism.

Artwork By Sonja McMillian

First Place in Artwork



These sketchings were taken from  
Judaculla Rock.



# Holes In Sheets For Eyes

By Jon Wertheim  
Second Prize in Poetry

Holes in sheets for eyes  
torn mouth  
they may blow spirit horns  
they might.

Ghosts float in tattered bedclothes  
all your vicarious pasts.

Tattered bedclothes blow spirit horns  
ghosts float in and out torn mouth  
and holes for eyes.

# The Motor Revved

By Rolf Fonda

Second Prize in Prose

The motor revved. ah, the power! The rush of excitement. A little adrenaline junkie. I had spent a lot of money to make my car perform this well. It was getting late, and I wanted to get home. The heat in my house had been off all day, and it would be cold. I needed to study for a test.

The road had been cleared so the last thing on my mind as I entered the curve was ice. The wheels began to spin. Suddenly, the rear-end of the car started to spin around. Nothing to worry about; I had practiced this situation before in snow filled parking lots. I turned the steering wheel in the direction the rear-end of the vehicle was traveling. I applied gas and the car began to straighten out. What a cinch! Even though the rear tires were still breaking traction, I held the accelerator down. What a thrill, I had just avoided an accident. Wasn't I full of myself.

Unexpectedly, the car swerved into the other lane. I was now heading across straight for the bank on the other side. I knew, if I hit the steep embankment I would be thrown right into the path of oncoming cars. Panic began to set in, I fought to get my automobile back under control and into my own lane. The car skidded around, pointing its nose back towards the lane I wanted to be in. I could see the oncoming cars skidding as they tried to slow down. I slammed the

gas to the floor. The car leaped across the road. The car was headed straight for the bank. I jammed on the brakes, locking up the tires. The engine stalled, but the car continued sliding towards the edge.

I reached the lip of the bank. The headlights illuminated the tops of trees below. This was it, there was no more I could do. I was going off; that was all there was to it. It was strange the way I seemed to hang there in mid-air. This was the end and it really seemed as if everything was in slow motion.

As my mind raced, I thought about my mother. Who would comfort her grief? What about my family? I thought of my grandmother, whom I promised to visit, soon, before she was gone. I thought about all the things that I wanted to do, but hadn't accomplished.

Now the car was racing down the side of the hill at an angle to the incline. This was bad; if the car slowed or stopped it would fall sideways and start rolling over. I called out to God for his intervention.

"Please God," I cried; "don't let it end like this!"

Boom. I had hit something. The car was now heading straight down the hillside. The car picked up speed. Once again the car left the ground and flew through the air. The trunk of a large tree loomed nearer. I was headed right for it. I braced for the impact. Thump; I had hit. The car came to a jarring halt, after which it fell several feet to the ground.

Houston, we have a landing. The car had finally stopped. I checked to make sure I was still alive. I looked over to the passenger side, it was crushed inwards. Good thing no one was riding with me. The hood was pushed back, blocking the view out of the windshield. My adrenaline was definitely pumping now.

"Thank you God," I exclaimed as I climbed from the car.

Artwork By Sadie Revere

Second Prize in Artwork



# This Morning

By Adam Bigelow

I dreamt I could fly last night  
as I lay abed under cover of an early morn  
I dreamt I could cry last night  
deep within my soaring toss and turn  
I dreamt I could hurt  
wrenching from my heart that which I hold closest  
I dreamt I could feel joy  
bestowing a gift unmatched in loss and empowerment  
I dreamt of beginning again  
setting out on a journey of which I know not the design  
I dreamt of never returning  
fading memories of a happiness made of wanton desire  
I dreamt of the past  
holding fast to a nuzzling comfort  
I dreamt of tomorrow's promise  
ready to kick off ease and forge into the future  
I woke to the present...



# Water-falls

By Anne Elizabeth Turner

There are water-falls that defy gravity  
as I hang my head  
upside-down  
and listen to my soul cry  
in belligerent outrage  
but still the world goes on  
and when the mind goes  
what can I do for your love  
to keep it  
because love is all I need  
and the attention you give  
to me and my body.  
But if you forget  
I hope you have a  
crummy lover in your bed  
on my birthday  
unless it is me and you never again  
let another body but mine own  
warm your hands  
moisten your fingers  
and moan silky spider-webs of passion  
in your mind...  
I needed you more

as I counted they days  
like raindrops in a waterfall  
when you were away  
the water, the raindrops, the tears  
dry as the desert...  
until your departure  
with no trace that they were there  
but they were  
and the sand that disappeared each time it was touched by  
the water, the raindrops, the tears  
will vouch for my pain that  
you caused by lack of sight or not  
by not seeing the tears  
and not hearing my sobs  
as you walked out the door  
with my best friend  
who looks like me  
and again came  
the water, the raindrops, the tears  
the gut wrenching ones  
that feel the moonlight  
waiting for you to enter quietly  
the telltale tracks on my face  
showing the way  
to the place I need you the most  
towards the oblivion of tiredness  
and the desert will always miss you  
as will I  
who misses you  
like the desert misses  
the water, the raindrops, the tears.

# My Gardens

By Barbara Frogge

In back of the building where my present office and classroom are there is a wooden bridge which leads to another part of the campus. It is a gathering spot. No one seems to mind the two uncushioned, weather-beaten benches, although they may tear hose, blouses and skirts. No one complains because at this spot long-time friends celebrate, and new friends are made. It is where another carcinogen is inhaled without the “victim” being made to feel guilty. At this spot the sun seems to shine more brightly than at any other place on campus, and one who is aware of the subtle seems to sense an invisible sign present which says, “stop here.”

I was traveling across that bridge when I met a man whose presence of spirit seemed more real than the presence of his physical body. I would have never placed this poet in any age or social bracket. I simply recognized him, although I had not met him before. He had a very kind-sounding voice, look and manner. I later realized that his vocabulary, confidence, fearlessness, strength and highly developed insight could near raise a person’s state of consciousness. I once jokingly told him that had he not chosen the Christ road of life; with just a little coaching, very little, he would have made an excellent Shaman. Before long he appeared in one of my classes, claiming a seat near the door so as to be free to make a quick exit should that ever be necessary. He is not one to be tamed or controlled, although today I believe he would quickly profess his desire to be

totally under the guardianship and direction of Jesus, his Master.

There was a time, however, when drugs, playing drums in a rock band and living on the edge were his steady diet. He and his family previously lived on the West Coast, returning to the western North Carolina mountains not long before we met. Whether it be gathering food from the wild, his carpenter skills or his literary knowledge, his ability to survive is quite impressive. He and a friend put a roof on my cottage in two-and-a-half days. At the time I realized the condition of my back yard needed help, which I was unable to give, so I asked this poet if he would help me. It was almost a year after the first visit in which he surveyed the ground, determining needs, before the work actually began. Our conversations, even from the beginning, were always couched in the spiritual, although sprinkled with a good deal of laughter. The poet's attitude toward me has always been that of "Miss Frogge" and only one time in conversation did I ever back off. It was his initial visit, surveying the work to be done. I could not ignore this student's great potential nor his refusal to confront the limitations imposed by his use of one of the popular weeds grown in various parts of our country. My confrontation was quick and to the point, as was his response, "I can quit any time ... it doesn't do any harm." I then simply asked, "Are you sure?"

Several months passed. He quit his habit and in May of 1998 began intense work on my back yard. In my naiveté I assumed the work to be done would take two or three days. However, over a three-month period he worked several hours each week. The poet doesn't just work. He listens to nature. He listens to his mind and his heart for instructions. In so doing the back yard began to come alive. I became accustomed to hearing phrases such as, "It seems to me that down there in the lower corner, you need a garden." Several trips to Lowe's in his charming red truck, which is not of current vintage, and the pounding of

many nails created a fenced-in garden which became my “beans and potato” garden. “Here’s a spot at the foot of your steps which would be ideal for a salad garden.” That idea became a reality as did a tomato and herb garden, and a recently built, raised fourth garden.

The garden is of great importance to me. Although I have been totally ignorant in the art of gardening, my desire for organically grown foods has always been very strong. Inner security resulting from becoming more self-sufficient is not a minor part of my thinking. My ability to bring into existence a back yard of beauty where I could observe nature at work was almost zero. I do believe that the poet’s insight to my need and his ability and availability to bring it into being were another of my many gifts from above. The plants and the seeds are planned, rows are straight. I am willing to work in caring for the gift of food. I am aware that I shall “reap what I sow.” I am aware that my garden must be cultivated, watered and that weeds must be pulled. I am aware of the great joy which comes from sharing the produce with others.

I can now say that I am grateful for the pain caused by the seeds in the gardens of my life, for the pain eventually causes me to pull them up. I am deeply appreciative of those who helped me pull up those weeds which, by myself, I did not have the strength to pull. I am thankful for the Son from which Light shown revealing the weeds. I am grateful to have been encouraged to write a book about my weeds which may help another who is struggling with their weeds. I am thankful for those who share knowledge with me regarding what they have learned from cultivating their gardens. From my garden of life I have learned to celebrate Thanksgiving Day.



Artwork By Jon Halso



# Thank You T.S. Eliot

By Adrienne Harrison

Thank you T.S. Eliot you're the  
reason why I won't get out of bed  
the sun leaked in lounging on my  
face.  
I not wanting to see the grotesque  
Forms.  
So I lay here not wanting to  
Face these or those...grotesque forms.  
Embraced by my own  
laziness and emptiness.  
Curled in the fetal position,  
Thinking, drowning,  
In rain thoughts of being  
so very hollow.  
I suppose I'll go get out  
with the rest.  
"Not with a bang, but a whimper."

# Untitled

Adrianne Harrison

Open ears and shut mouths  
And where did you say?  
Such?, “a pretty how town”  
arms from the walls grabbing at  
my grill cheese soul.  
Silliness and wonder... what?  
Dancing around the oak tree  
Grey-faced and cold, “Ashes, Ashes”  
around, around, softly, quietly,  
Not stopping, Not thinking.

Screams filled our ears we kept  
Dancing.  
Hunting for a Holocaust...

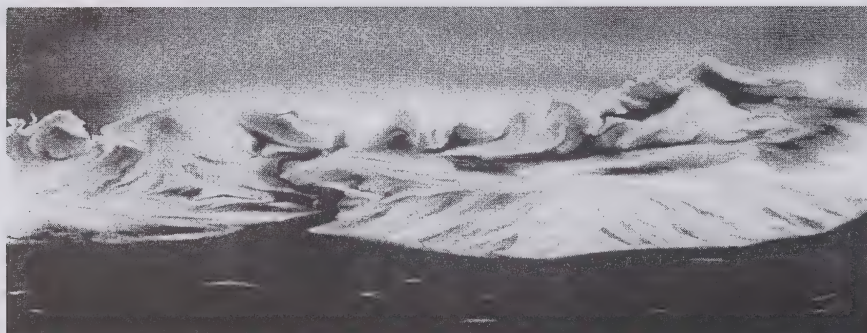
Gray bodies, Blue babies, dance my  
Pretty ones... dance. Speaking.  
We heard... But did not  
care for wanting to listen.

# Sword Of Another Kind

By Robert E. Harrison

On the outside appears nothing but feet of steel,  
On the inside is a whole of other reals,  
Fights, and blights, of great kings untold in power,  
When it swings it sings through the air,  
A death hymn. When it strikes it sings and rings,  
With decisive power and strength, but on the inside,  
People live, work, and farm. Never fearing harm until an evil enters the land.  
When a life is stolen by the blade, the spiritsoul of the victim,  
Slides up the blood channel to the hilt, like a snake slithers through the grass,  
They fly, by the bird's eye, through the inside kingdom of the blade, away,  
Through everyday, into a world gone,  
Time, and time again, it slays and sings and drips with pride, like a tide hugging  
The shore.  
There, live our ghastrs, our ghouls, our ghosts,  
There thrive our heroes, heroines, and hearts,  
There live our faeries, pixies, and leprechauns from the old,  
All living in their own little fantasy, in a world,  
Found by both good and evil, there they stay,  
For yet another day.

Artwork By Marc Campbell





# A Soldier's Prayer

By Brenda Griffin

In this my world of green  
The foxholes call to me  
I hear only the sound of pain  
The smoke, the stillness, the bodies I see

Does my existence matter  
Crawling on my knees  
My world has seemed to shatter  
Has anyone heard my pleas

I pray to my God, but does he hear?  
As the bombing continues, I smell the fear  
I feel the constant firing of arms till my ears ring  
The screaming is on and off again

Trees, mountains are arms, they hold me  
This is my only comfort, my shelter to be  
All this pleases me, I am amused  
Do I laugh from crying? I refuse

Will I be prisoner of war, to torture endlessly  
Will I be wounded in battle, the end I can't see  
I know this time will pass, peace there will be again  
The war will go on, and sacrifice a few brave men

# Mass Produced

By Candace Bottorf

They got married and bought a new car and a doublewide trailer.

They bought new furniture and grim, black appliances.

They got shiny new credit cards to buy shiny new stuff

that the media and their won mediocrity convince them

that they can't live without.

They are good American citizens, and work two jobs to pay

the minimum balance at 21% interest.

They come home at night in their shiny new car to their

shiny new house full of shiny new stuff,

collapse on their shiny new sofa, and say

“Ain't we lucky?”

# Quiet Neighbors

By Candace Bottorf

She came to the door at ten p.m.  
red eyed with finger marks  
on both sides of her face.  
She whispered “help me,”  
and turned off the porch light.  
She said, “he’s drunk”  
She said, “he has a hammer”  
When his car turned the corner  
we ran for my truck, locked the doors  
and drove in the opposite direction.  
Driving toward safety, she sat  
looking ghostly by the dashboard light  
and told the all too familiar tale  
of man and woman.

Artwork By Travis Bumgardner



# Sunday Afternoon Serenity

By Cindy Kent

the sharp prick of the needle  
spruce green waves roll along the borders  
a buried knot pops into place  
gold, green, and blue squares blend  
snow-white triangles cap the corners  
as turtles and tropical fish swim past  
the whisper of needle and thread  
stitches placed in Candace's quilt  
mingle with the melody of Kenny G.

# Autumn Promises

By Cindy Kent

the first caress of cool, crisp air  
the rustle and sigh of fallen leaves  
when wood smoke tickles chimney tops  
and golden freckles appear on mountain ridges  
when bushels of apples blossom in roadside stands  
and crystal stars dust an indigo sky  
as whispers of God's majesty unfolds.



# Hear the Children Crying

By Cindy Kent

Look into my eyes  
tell me what you see  
Anger  
Hurt  
Betrayal  
they are my silent plea  
someone I should trust  
stole innocence from me

Artwork By Renee Janik



# Reflections

By Cindy Kent

Staring in the mirror

i'm in a melancholy mood

it's my birthday

where did my waistline go?

Where was the knight in shining armor?

Did true love pass my by?

What about my purpose and my dreams?

Silent glass, I sigh and turn away

somehow when I wasn't watching

time has slipped away

the back door slams

small footsteps running

Nana! Nana! His arms wrap 'round my heart

oh tiny knight, how I love you!

Two daughters, one handmade card, two perfect roses

a red one for love

a yellow for friendship

they offer me the purest form of love

somehow when I wasn't watching  
time has slipped away  
my arms encircle her shoulders  
bent in sorrow, shaking with grief  
she grips the pale and lifeless hand farewell  
no, I haven't missed my calling  
I may never make the headlines  
or win critical acclaim  
but when all is juxtaposed  
i'm thankful for the treasures that I hold  
somehow when I wasn't watching  
time has slipped away

staring at the silent glass  
laughing  
I turn  
and walk away.

# Confusion

By Debra C. Oyaas

My heart aches...

With desire and need.

My mind aches...

With rules I must heed.

A stranger's look...

A stranger's touch...

A trigger of love.

My choices are few.

The confusion of life.

Mirror what must I do

Neither lover nor wife.

# Prey For Daylight

By Gary E. Andrews

DEAD LEAVES CRUNCH  
UNDER HEAVY SOULS  
I HAVE FOUND YOUR FINAL HAVEN

I KNEEL AND PRESS MY LIPS TO THE COLD MARBLE  
WINDS BLOW THROUGH THE FOREST OF MY MIND  
SWAYING LIFELESS TREES OF EMOTIONS

I LOVED YOU  
BESTOWER OF LIFE ETERNAL  
MY UTMOST FANTASY  
TO BE YOU  
ROYAL AND SUPREME  
MASTER OF MY DOMAIN

I HATED YOU  
MASTER OF LIES  
HOLDING ME  
YOUR THRALL  
CONDEMNING ME TO LIVING HELL  
LOVED  
CRYED  
FOUGHT  
ALL THIS WE HAVE DONE

AS I KNEEL BEFORE YOUR FINAL RESTING PLACE  
I CONTEMPLATE LIFE  
WITHOUT YOUR PRESENCE  
THERE IS BUT ONE THING  
LEFT TO DO  
SO I WAIT  
TO BECOME PREY  
FOR DAYLIGHT



Artwork By Laurie Gotterup



# A Study of Mind

By Gerald M. Ledford

Feeling stressed in psychology class  
How long can one semester last?  
Ms. Frogge began the lecture then,  
I scribbled notes with fading pen.

“Now, class, that ends our review  
And I must take my leave of you.  
Cancer formed within my breast;  
I truly wish you all the best.”

Her body speech gave us no clue;  
Face so calm, eyes bright too.  
Some students stared and others cried;  
Softly, deeply, behind closed eyes.

Denial says she can't mean it  
And display such grace and wit;  
Anger called then left inspired  
By such courage under fire!

.....  
( IF FROGGE ANNOUNCED )

“There's an optional test on this date;  
I'll lead a charge to take Hell's Gate.  
Resolve not to live each day in fear;  
If you'd know 'Self, then volunteer.”

Trembling, I would answer roll,  
Trusting in a Greater Soul.  
When the Netherworld was won  
She'd say, “Our work is never done;

Add to your groups these demon things  
And discuss 'choice' 'til they grow wings.  
The higher way, it just feels right."  
( Are all not children of the Light? )  
Life's a challenge or it's for naught-  
HOPE.....FAITH.....LOVE  
May I share lessons the Teacher taught

# The Tattered Cloth

By Jennifer Munroe Cook

A tattered cloth fell at my feet today.  
Stepping gingerly, I went on my way.  
Strangely though, an image remained  
of a corner edge questionably stained.  
Turning back, I saw a breeze catch the cloth  
and it flitted away like a wind torn moth.  
Keeping my mind fixed straight ahead,  
I remembered nights on my lover's bed.  
That bed and his house were minutes away;  
perspiring bodies keeping fears at bay.  
Then an image from last month struck my brain,  
my lover's bed with a rust-colored stain.  
Knowing my period was two weeks away,  
I had asked if he had been led astray.  
He had laughed and called me a foolish child  
saying our love-making had been too wild.  
A rose of passion had formed on our bed.  
Or at least that is what my lover said.

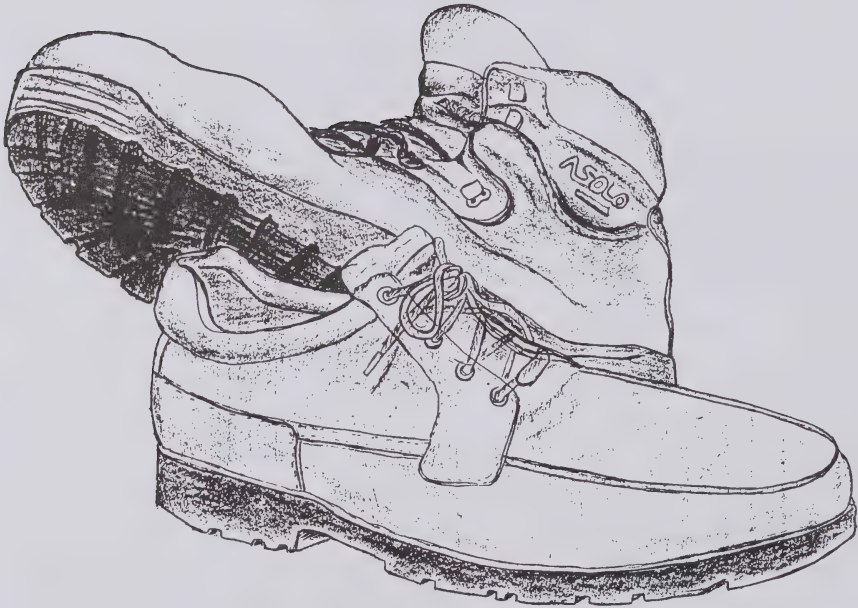
That unfeeling cloth and teasing stain  
have crept into my hidden fears again.  
Now my feet move pathetically slow  
Thinking how could I ever really know?  
Oh, why is trust such a weak tattered dream  
that even a cloth can undo its seam?

# Crab Pincers Guided By Bat Sonar

By Jon Wertheim

Crab pincers guided by bat sonar  
an unholy medley of supernatural force  
flies down alleyways, effectually disembodied  
stealing wallets from unsuspects  
the claws and their accompanying membrane  
don't really need the money  
they need the identification to get into bars  
to *pick up* girls and get them drunk.

Artwork By Brian Wayman





# Leave Me Beat

By Jon Wertheim

Leave me beat  
I'll grab that gnarled cane  
tap the wood floor  
send 'em flightwide  
disembodied like permanently  
crack out that crazy ol' b.s.  
send 'em somersaulting through  
other continuums  
with one of your old timey man  
blast from the past licks  
play it like a wild pig, boy.

# The Narcs Gave What Little They Were

By Jon Wertheim

The narcs gave what little they were capable of securing  
and as not to attract unwanted attention  
I was on my way to the men's room  
with my pants pulled up to my armpits  
(somehow it seems I think I can get away with murder)  
and 26 head followed that old, decaying moon...I counted  
the valves collapsed however  
the laws to protect the taxpayer provided  
a low, dimly lit ceiling.

# The Casing Is Worn But What The Heck

By Jon Wertheim

The casing has worn but what the heck  
an old elephant is better than no elephant at all  
his rumpled sweater fits as date skin or cicada  
and the only remnant of his shady past  
is the flaking metallic gold pedicure  
and those lousy old tricks all day  
what can one expect from deals cut with  
the witness protection agency?  
They in turn fork over a deflated hot air balloon  
and a navy trunk filled with pieces of ivory and  
some bloody animal for the honest character  
who needs that proof to make his peace.

# Tiny Golden Speck Sails Lightspeeding

By Jon Wertheim

Tiny, golden speck sails lightspeeding  
through vacuum only light that  
shines in a 3,600 mile long  
black tube so very swift  
that organs and muscle lose their shape  
skin in trailing, flaming strips of gauze  
lean into the turns  
so they'll only send me this dust (without courier)  
one speck at a time at fifteen minute intervals  
where my waiting plate is the end of the line.

Artwork By Denise Potts



# A Matter of Time

By Joy Hoyle

Do you ever feel like a cat up a tree?  
Preferring to be somewhere else, but for  
the time being knowing it's the place to be  
You keep wondering in your mind, should  
I stay and know I'm safe  
Or move on down the path your heart wants  
you to take  
You look down the path, knowing that's where  
you'd really like to be  
Yet you'd be taking a big chance if you  
moved on to see  
Finally the urge has taken control  
Before you know it, you're half way to  
reaching your goal  
You've gone too far to go back  
Your mind keeps telling your body  
you're on the right track  
It may be some time before you know  
if you made the right move  
At least you made it this far - now  
only time will prove.

# Dawn At The Beach

By J. V. Hoyle

Faint streaks of gray rise out of the eastern sky, chasing the dark shrouds of night from the restless sea. A glow of dark pink marks the spot where the sun will rise. We watch the glow slowly turn orange as it softly spreads across the clouds that streak the sky. The change comes slowly, mesmerizing us, until suddenly we realize the sky is a blaze of color. A thin crescent of gold slips over the edge of the sea, sending spangles of yellow warmth brushing the caps of the waves as they race for the shore. They recharge the sea and land with energy, one day at a time. We see the first shadows of the people on the beach. They are watching the spectrum.

A young boy races up and down the beach pulling a kite on a string, unaware of the significance of it all. He's learning his first lessons of the dynamics of the wind. Some day, he too, will see and understand the dawn.



# “I Have Your Hands”

By Kelley Starnes

As I sat there by your pillow

I studied the lines on your face while internalizing as much as possible.

I had not much time left.

I had to find something to take back with me

I reached down and slipped off your ruby ring

As I did this, I became frozen as I noticed the structure of your hands.

I put my hand next to yours and was mesmerized in my new discovery

All the days that it had gone unnoticed

It took this night for me to realize our fingers were alike, both short and stubby,  
and our nails grew the same.

I gently rubbed the outside of your hands. It appeared to look as if they would feel  
like the outside of a peach.

I thought your hands were extremely soft for a man.

They were beautiful.

My heart raced as I simultaneously positioned our hands to learn about our palms

Knowing time was dwindling, I watched and retained the structured of our palms

It made me think of the time I held my first gun.  
Your hand over mine, concentrating on our posture  
But we did not go through this ritual then.

Sometimes when I'm lonely,  
I look down at my hands  
I will go back to the night I made my discovery  
I'm part of you, and you gave me that.



# the path

By Michael Rigsby Revere

the pathway of grace

is paved

with stones of humility

# We Sit By The Highway

By Lela g Stephens

We sit by the highway,  
and watch the cars go by.  
People with their fast cars and busy lives.

“Do you think they give us a second thought?” I ask;  
“Would you?” was her reply,  
in a voice almost as weak as the hand she slipped into mine.

She sighs a deep sigh...  
and I feel it run down her arm,  
down into her hand,  
through her fingers,  
and into mine.

Without words, I know exactly what she says.

Artwork By Jonathan Fouts



# The Wolf

By F. Richard Holland Jr.

alone, in the cold  
footprints, heading east  
a cry, then, snarl  
sounds of a hungry soul

on the prowl, ears drawn  
the hunt, the chase, the food  
head back, feet apart  
a lonely howl, the moon stares back

snow flakes fall, drifting down  
the wolf, heading home  
finding shelter, lays down  
falls asleep, alone

like the wolf, the darkness comes  
creeping silently along the ground  
covering all who cross its path  
hiding all, no escape, day is lost  
the wolf awakes, instantly alert  
man approached, death draws near  
all for the fur, the wolf goes down  
no cry of help, the wolf is strong

one more, nature's great beauty  
fallen to man's unending greed  
the wolf now silent, itself has past  
but the legend lives, the pack moves on

# There Is A Child

By Linda Miller

There is a child that walks alone among these empty walls and cages,  
a child that GOD knows she hasn't been in touch with for ages.

There is a child who seems to have forgotten how to hang her head and cry,  
a child that has forgotten how to even begin to let herself try.

There is a child that hasn't ever had the love that she wants and needs,  
a child who runs cold when she hurts or when she bleeds.

There is a child that desperately covers up her hurt and hardened pain,  
a child that needs to be loved and nurtured not told she is going insane.

There is a child who has never had a mother in spite of all her yearning,  
a child, that's having a child who knows she has a lot of learning.

There is a child that finally found there was another home beside the street,  
a child who opened her eyes and realized she could stand on her own two feet.

There is a child who took that first step to get away from a powerful drug,  
a child who is just now learning how to live, to touch, to cry, to hug.

There is a child who now knows that she can knock down that ugly, lonely wall,  
a child who now believes someone will be there if she happens to fall.

There is a child, if you close your eyes, one familiar you might see,  
There is a child, or haven't you felt it, that child is you and me.



# Facade

By Tammy Bryson

Who am I?

Look 'n' see

Do you see what I see?

You see a Facade

because I have suppressed

and hid her in a crypt.

Where is the key?

For I need to let her out!

Can you help?



# Call for Submissions

Manuscripts for the 1999-2000 edition of the *SCC Review* will be accepted through Dec. 1, 1999. Each submission should include the author's name, address and phone number on every page.

Essays, local history, poetry and short stories – as well as black-and-white artwork – may be submitted. All submissions should be typed or printed.

Six people whose manuscripts or works of art are selected for publication will also receive cash awards:

- A. First and second prize in poetry;
- B. First and second prize in prose;
- C. First and second prize in artwork.

Students, faculty and staff of SCC – along with residents of Macon, Swain and Jackson Counties and the Qualla Boundary – may submit manuscripts to the *SCC Review*.

For additional information, contact Southwestern Community College's Public Information Office at 828/586-4091 ext. 265.



